For I must backe vnto the Court againe,
With all the speede I can: Harpoole, my horse.

L.Cob. So soone my Lord? what will you ride all night?

Cob. All night or day, it must be so sweet wife;
Vrge me not why, or what my businesse is,
But get you in: Lord Powesse, beare with mee.
And madam, thinke your welcome nere the worse,
My house is at your vse. Harpoole, away.

Har. Shall I attend your Lordship to the Court?

Cob. Yea sir, your Gelding, mount you presently. *Exit*

La.Cob. I prethee Harpoole looke vnto thy Lord,
I do not like this sodaine poasting backe.

Po. Some earnest businesse is a foote belike,
What ere it be, pray God be his good guide.

La.Po. Amen, that hath so highly vs bested.

La.Cab. Come Madam & my Lord, weel hope the best,
You shall not into Wales till he returne.

Pow. Though great occasion bee' we should depart, yet Madam will we stay to be resolu'd of this vnlookt for doubtfull accident. *Exeunt*

Enter Murley and his men. prepared in some filthy order for war.

Mur. Come my hearts of flint, modestly, decently, soberly, & handsomly; no man afore his Leader: follow your Master, your Captaine, your Knight that shalbe, for the honour of Meal-men, Millers, & Malt-men, dun is the mouse: Dicke and Tom for the credit of Dunstable, ding down the enemy to morrow. Ye shall not come into the field like beggars. Where be Leonard and Lawrence my two Loaders, Lord haue mercy vpon vs, what a world is this? I woulde giue a couple of shillings for a dozen of good Feathers for ye, and forty pence for as many scarffes to set ye out withall. Frost and snow, a man has no heart to fight till hee bee braue.

Dicke. Master we are no babes, our towne foot-bals can beare witnesse: this little parrell we haue shall off, & wee'l fight

fight naked before we run away.

Tom. Nay, I'me of Laurance m
to leaue his life behind him, he and
ders are making their wils becau
we batchellers bid our frends scra
dye: but master, pray ye let me ri
Mur. Meale and salt, wheat an
and snow, why Tom thou shalt.
William and George are with my
holding my owne two horses, pr
tall men, true men.

Dicke. But master, master, me th
to hazard your owne person, and

Tom. Yea, and master there's
as I heard say, we go to fight aga
that should giue vs their blessing
shall speed nere the better.

Dic. Nay burlady, some say the
master dare you fight against the

Mur. Fie paltry, paltry, in and
sion, if the King bee so vnwise t
with him too.

Tom. What if ye should kill

Mur. Then wee'l make anot

Dic. Is that all? do ye not spe

Mur. If we do, who dare tri
our conscience, and for honor
my bosome, looke heere mad k

Tom. A paire of golden spurs
on your heeles? your bosome's

Mur. Be't more or lesse vpo
cy vpon vs. Tom th'art a foole,
Knight-hood: dare any weare
a Knight? No, I shall be knigh
shall on: Sirs, was it euer read i
stable, that euer Malt-man wa

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